

In Natalem *GEORGII* II. Magnæ Bri-
 taniæ, Galliæ & Hiberniæ Regis,

O D E.



Dulcioris carminis editor,
 Centena fulgens sæcula Lesbie
 Alcææ, tali ornare fert mens
 Delicias populi Regentem.

NON invocabo numina gentium,
 Spernamque rivos, ô Helicon, tuos ;
 Nomen *GEORGI* sospitantis
 Suppeditat mihi sat calor.

HENDELE, blandis artibus Orphei
 Assuete, mollem jam cape Barbiton,
 Rursusque comptum prode Cantum,
 Qui deceat tibus canoras.

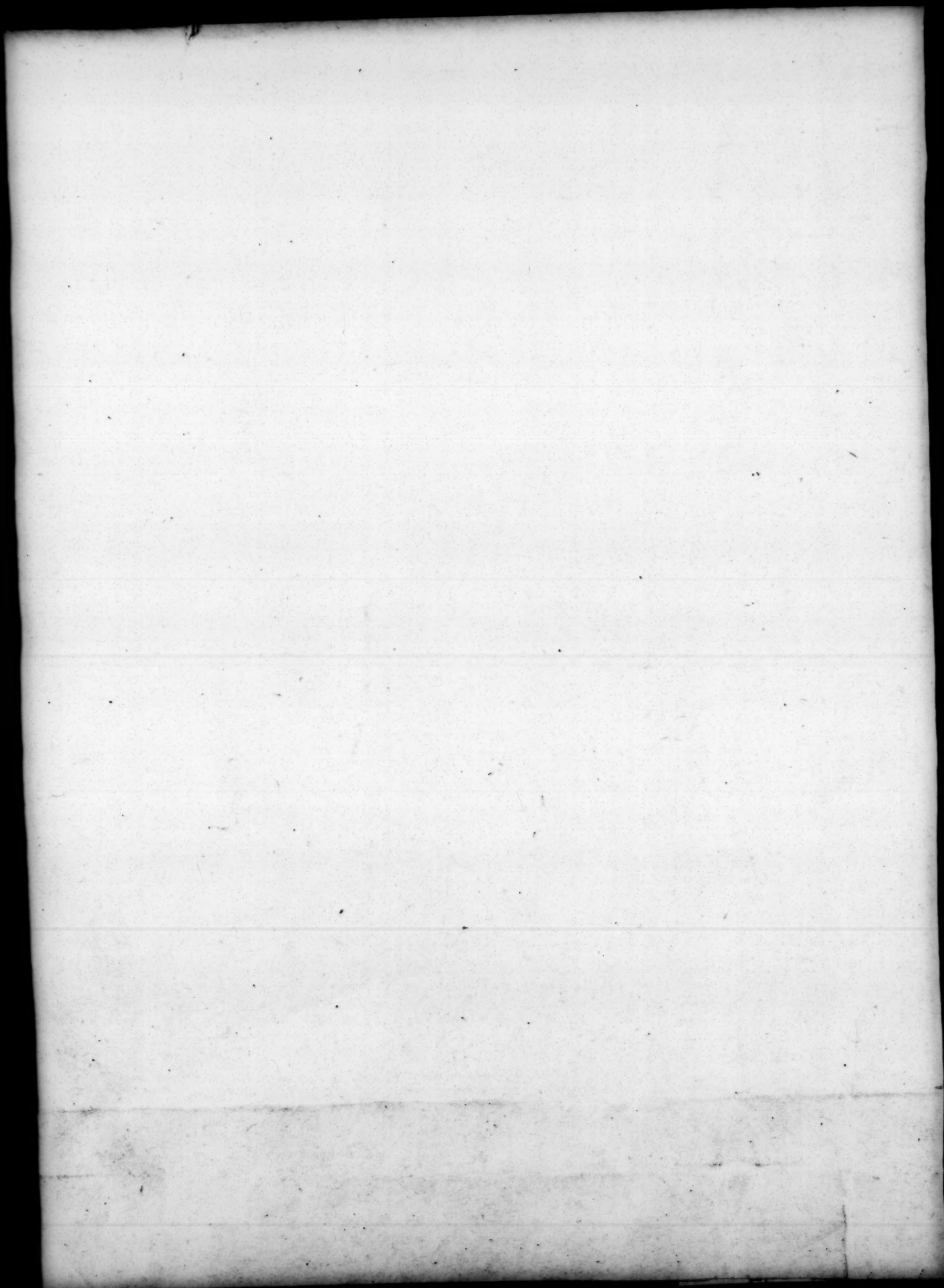
CHORDÆ tubarum saltibus acrium
 Justo reponant ordine tensiles
 Mulcentium symphoniæ
 Contremulas modulationes.

NOMENQUE Regis suaviter evchant
 Sublime, donec sidera consonent,
 Et fama terram quæ replevit
 Æthereos penetret recessus.

NATALIS est hic lætificus dies,
 Quem Festa Regni concelebrant sacrum,
 Ut *Albii* tempus renati
 Et decoris jugiter virentis.

O quam secundas res *Britonum* licet
 Sperare, quarum jura capeſſit
 Qui cuncta per ſe contuctur,
 Credulus haud nimium Miniſtris.
 Et qui dolotas rebus imagines,
 Queis ſæpe mens non improba fallitur,
 Pictis in Aulis, detrahendo
 Perſpicuas dedit intueudas.
 OUEM, dum lubenter conſcius obvia
 Mox deſituri Terrigenæ vici,
 Obnoxium ſeſe fatetur,
 Diu populus colet imperantem.
 INSISTE pacis fortiter artibus,
 Queis emicabat ſat Genitor tuus,
 Felicitatis jam reverſæ
 Ut referas alacris acervos.
 ESTOQUE Regi fordida gloria
 Trifti ruinæ ſubdere patriam,
 Eſtoque plus viſſe bellum
 Quam penitus profuſiſſe victos.
 REX præpotens eſt qui populum exhibet,
 Et non fucatam præbet imaginem
 Reipublicæ, dextrâ univerſa,
 Una etiam, robur exerentis.
 AST ſorte ſemet qui populi eximit,
 Tanquam creati in delicias ſibi,
 Ut bruta nobis, quam ſeorſim
 Sic poſitus miſer & puſillus!
 ET Teutones non immemores die *
 Quando ingruentis gloria *Galliæ*
 Diſparuit, gratos reducas,
 Ut *Britoni* Imperium rependant.
 ET jura des crudelis *Iberiæ*
 Regi ſuperbo ſanguine civico
 Infamis. O trux barbarorum
 Perpetuo rabies ſtupenda.

* Gen. Virg.



F A C ut supersint signa perennia
 Mavorte nostro territæ *Iberie*,
 Portus Magon, rupesque Calpe
 Herculea celebris columna
 MUNDIQUE vindex, Herculis æmule,
 Ubi in subactæ signa tyrannidis
 Pacisque construxit columnas,
 Redde tuas celebres per ævum.
 INSANIENTIS frœna superbiæ
Hispaniarum, & barbariæ trucum
 Ponti latronum sint flagellum
 Et ratibus *Britonum* receptus.
 SIC insularum prima *Britannia*
 Cui jus avitum & relligio pia
 Sunt chara, foelix emicabit
 Præsidium celebre utriusque.
 NOSTERQUE Regum maxumus optumus
 Fiet gerentûm Sceptra *Britanniæ*
 Ad ultimam pergetque metam,
 Justitiæ decorisque culmen.
 SINT fausta longûm tempora, pro quibus
Monumethensis Dux & *Arausicus*
 Pugnare, bis cœsus *Capellus*
Russeliusque mori volebant,
 NOMENQUE primum *Campbeliæ* Domûs,
 Rubrisque caris sæpe coloribus
 Tinctum, perennent hinc in albis
 Magnanimæ memorisque gentis.
 ALATA fama pervolet ocus,
 Incognitos & terricolas petat,
 Narretque foelices *Britannos*,
 Propitium resonetque cœlum,
 PER mille duras, & varias vices
 Luctata tandem chara *Britannia*
 Evasit, & sint moesta fata,
 Sic volui, reditura nunquam.



U P O N T H E
C O R O N A T I O N
O F
King G E O R G E II.

SEE how *Britannia*, Queen of Isles,
Upon whose beauteous Face of late
Sorrow and Fear acknowledg'd fare,
For loss of her dear Sovereign, smiles,
With Joy diffus'd thro' ev'ry Part,
Because her bright and genial Sun
Dries up the Tears by which it was o'er-run,
And does with charming Glory dart
His vital Rays thro' every Eye and Heart :
So we have seen, when swelling Floods have drown'd
Some charming Field of richest Ground,
And made its Beauties undistinguish'd ly
Beneath their foaming Billows, Heaven's great Eye
Drank up that liquid Grave, and Nature show'd
A much more glorious Embroidery,
By wat'ring thus the Colours he bestow'd.

ASSEMBLE, *Britain's* Sons, and celebrate
This new and famous Festival,
With Passions rais'd and noble, all
Like it, which G E O R G E makes bright and great ;

Bring

Bring rapt'rous Joys and Transports, bring
 What may cause ev'ry Face look gay,
 As *Flora* paints the gawdy Spring,
 To suit the consecrated Day,
 The rosy Morning of great GEORGE his Time;
 GEORGE, his *Britannia's* Hope and Glory,
 Who is to fill her endless Story,
 With nothing but what is sublime;
 'Tis his and *Britain's* Coronation!
 The Glory of the greatest Nation,
 Bedeck'd with Splendor round her Head,
 So dazzling bright, that it must spread
 Its Lustre to the outmost End
 Of Earth, and be well known,
 Where'er the glorious Sun was shown,
 And gratefully as far acknowledged;
 For its blest Influence shall as far extend.

YE reverend Priests of sacred Fame,
 Who give Decision on the Claim
 Of Candidates for Immortality,
 By which they must or live or die;
 Ye Keepers of the Register
 Of Kingdoms Fates aver
 This solemn and important Day
Britain's new Æra, count from it, and say,
 Long struggling hard for consummated Bliss,
 At last she reach'd it in the Reign
 Of one of *Brunswick's* famous Line,
 So interest'd in publick Happiness,
 He grudg'd himself the Pleasure to possess
 His own, were she not happy to her Wish.
 That Reign restor'd what *William's* Wars had cost,
 And *George's* Treaties for more glorious Peace,
 To save us from a new Distress:
 'Twas then the *Britons* made their Boast,

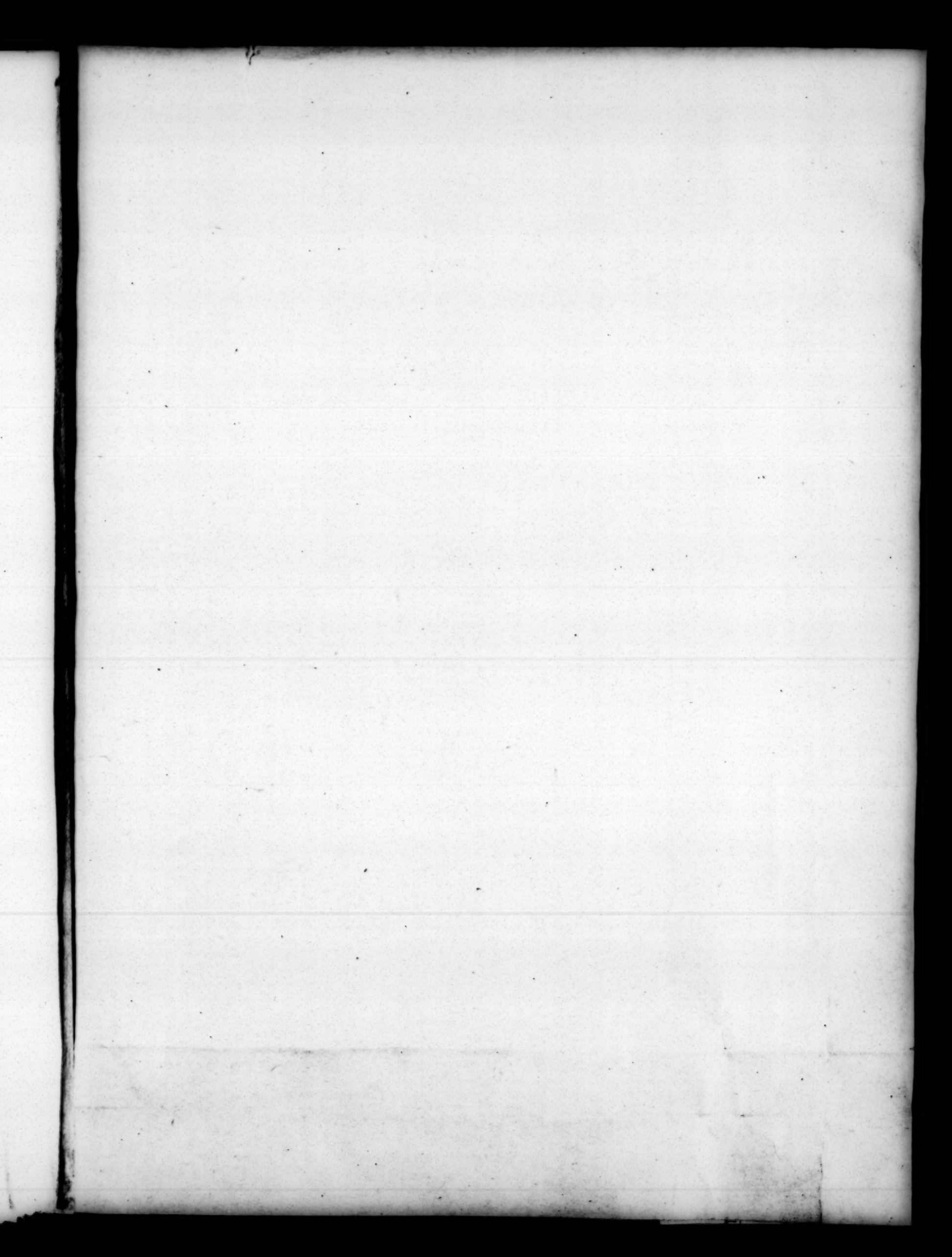
These

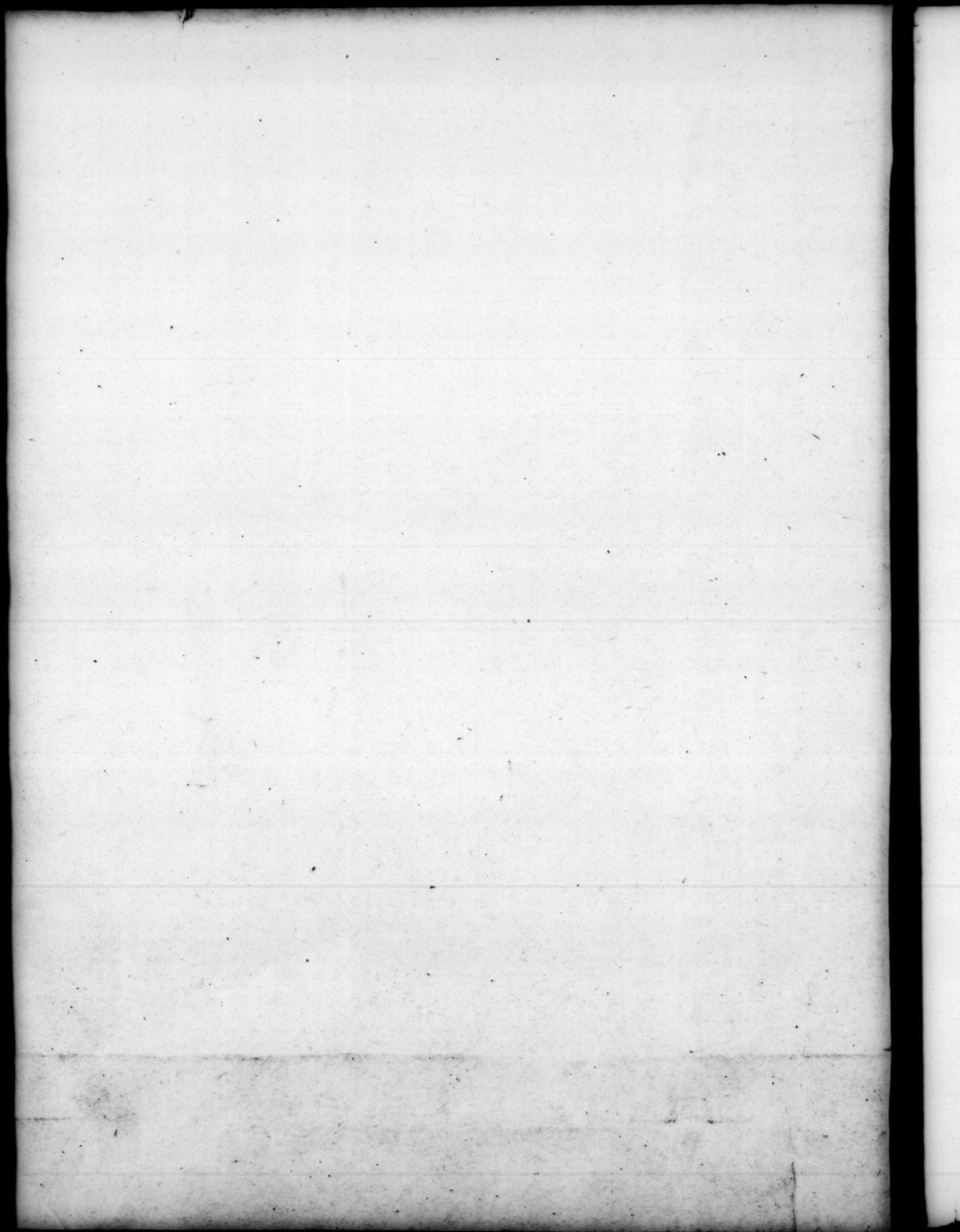
These all were cheap, since they made way
 For GEORGE the Second, and since they might
 At no less Rate secure his Right,
 Than being oblig'd to pay
 Treasure and Blood; O! they were well bestow'd;
 Loss so o'erpaid is that of which we're justly proud.

To all dead but Attention hear,
 And join in *Britain's* solemn Pray'r:
 O! may the Hero whom we crown,
 His Virtues like the Leaves full blown
 Of Summer Flowers on fair *Sabrina's* Plain,
 Be ever fragrant; and may no rude Blast
 Be ever able in the least
 To ruffle, nor infectious Air them stain:
 Upon his Lips may all the Graces sit,
 And may his Soul, wide as the Ocean, fit
 His Greatness; and the Age which Poets tell
 Was all of Gold return, beneath his Feet,
 Within dear Freedom's blest Retreat,
 Let Roses rise, still to adorn his Crown,
 And the proud *Castles* be beat down,
 And his great Actions be like Miracle.

WITH Lawrels crown his sacred Head,
 Lawrels the Badges, and Reward
 Only of necessary War and Victory,
 Are due to him, whom Courage led
 To Field of Battle, where he dar'd
 Amidst the Rage of living Death,
 The fierce Artillery did breathe
 To attack his Rival Enemy;
 And his brave Presence bade be gone
 His mad Pretensions to the legal Throne.
 With civick Crowns surround his Brow,
 Because so many Subjects owe

Their





Their Lives unto his Tenderneſs
 For *British* Blood, which would not preſs
 Againſt the Rebel ev'n the Law,
 Tho' it was juſt to conſecrate the Hand
 In puniſhing the Stubborneſs
 Of ſome, which publick Safety did demand.

ILLUSTRIOUS *William* by his Sword did ſave,
 Our ſinking Cauſe, which at the laſt he gave
 Security perpetual.
 By placing Great *Britannia's* All
 Under wile *Brunſwick's* ſacred Truſt :
 And the firſt Guardian was ſo juſt
 To him, that he cou'd take no Eaſe,
 Till what was purchas'd at ſo great a Coſt
 Was fix'd above the Fears of being loſt,
 By Treaties of a well contriv'd Peace,
 Cemented and made ſtrong by Intereſt ;
 And *Europe's* Ballance made to ſtand
 As ſet by *George's* mighty Hand,
 But ſo as it can ne'er long reſt
 But when by Foes it is conſeſt,
 Its Poize on *Britain* muſt depend.
 Brave *Naffau* with prodigious Toil
 Did plow and ſow th' ungrateful Soil
 In an unfavourable Spring ;
George with inceſſant Care did bring
 The precious Growth to Harveſt-Days,
 From which his greater Heir ſhall raile
 By Management divinely wiſe,
 A Crop of infinite Proſperities.

WHAT wondrous Bleſſings muſt abound
 By one, who has his Goodneſs born
 With him, and whom the Virtues others found
 Leſſon and Labour naturally adorn,

As Fruits of Earth before the Curse
 Rose of themselves without the Labourer's Force ;
 By him whose brave unfortunate Sire,
 Ventur'd and lost for the great Cause,
 Religion and the common Laws
 Of Mankind's Freedom ; but 'tis now repaid
 To a Descent, which ev'n their Foes admire,
 Tho' once it seem'd too long delay'd,
 By him, whose Royal Spouse has shown
 A Soul that's far above a Throne,
 When she would scorn to rise
 Ev'n to the first of *Europe's* Dignities,
 If her Religion might not share
 With her of all the Glories there.

WHILE two such wondrous Persons reign,
 Our Lives must be one constant Train
 Of prosperously flowing Years ;
 Nor Sword, nor Want, nor Fraud, nor Pain,
 Shall e'er be able to infect,
 But they shall still arrest
 The wonted Flux of dismal Tears.
 O! shall there be one miserable more
 In Nature, where their mighty Power
 And equal Goodness penetrate,
 Which cou'd even to the Centre go
 Of the most melancholy State,
 E'er Nation was subjected to ;
 Or one unnatural *Britain* e'er complain,
 While GEORGE and CAROLINA reign.



